

Rilo Kiley, American Wife

Losing your brave
Is that what he said?
The flag will still wave
Even after you're dead
I'll be your American wife
Like the eagle perched atop the globe
We'll climb up above the smog and
Live in blissful ignorance
With a dog and a TV set
Where we're flesh 'til we're fatter than our friends

But I only play the fool very often
I only bid my heart like a spade
I like the gamblin' life
You never know when you're gonna get the new shoes, keys and glasses
You'll be barefoot, free from debt
Blinded and wandering
Then you'll be happier (Then you'll be happier)
The wind used to come and nearly blow you over
The wind doesn't move down these parts anymore
And so goes the bartering life

Blood for food then they'll strap you down
And scream, Miami was pretty
Before we were bitter
Before we let our sadness litter the streets

You offered your father could be mine
We looked at your family tree
And politely declined
You have eleven siblings
Who have ten broken limbs
Nine divorces
Eight broken hearts
Seven grandkids
Six bypass surgeries
Five college degrees
Four are sick, three are well
Two are dead, ones in jail
No one here walks away
No one here moves away

Come on to the grave
Is that what I said?
my memory fades
When im drinking in bed
I miss the soberin' life
The comforter will not come on to me
'Til I'm a fearless, faithless
Nothing at all cause
No one escapes their life
No one escapes their life
No one escapes their life
No one

It may sound depressing
It's just a life lesson
In the barterin', gamblin' life
I'll be your American wife